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Butler, Alford Augustus

The wheel and the spirit

New York

1892

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THE WHEEL AND THE SPIRIT.

BY

The Rev. ALFORD A. BUTLER.

THE WHEEL AND THE SPIRIT

The Sermon

PREACHED AT THE OPENING
OF THE
ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK

SEPT. 28TH, 1892

BY THE

REV. ALFORD A. BUTLER
RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY, NEW YORK

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE CONVENTION

NEW YORK
1892

(EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF CONVENTION.)

"On motion of the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH, D.D., the Secretary was authorized to print and distribute 1,500 copies of the Sermon of the REV. ALFORD A. BUTLER."

ATTEST:

THOS. R. HARRIS,

Secretary of Convention.

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York

"The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."—EZEK. i. 21.

THERE is one thing in which this age has a boundless faith, and that is the power of the wheel. Not only in its power to make money, but in its power to make men and morals, to manufacture civilization and culture, happiness and character, and so bring in the millennium.

A college professor, in one of our first reviews, holds that the science of mechanics is "almost omnipotent," and that its inventions have made the nation "safe against poverty or famine," and probably already placed the world "past the critical point and sure of uninterrupted future progress."

The humanitarian points with pride to the homes for helpless infancy and old age, the asylums for deaf and blind and dumb, the hospitals and dispensaries, day nurseries and night shelters, and asks, Are not these the wheels on which charity is pressing onward in its noble work? And the practical Christian asks, What could we do without organization in foreign and domestic missions, in diocesan work, and parochial extension? And what are our Church schools and colleges, our parishes, vestries, diocesan councils and general convention, but the ecclesiastical wheels on which the Church is rolling onward into larger hope and grander achievement?

Brethren, standing here this morning with the clash and clamor of the world's varied mechanism sounding in our ears, I am not foolish enough to deny the power or the importance of the wheel in mechanics or morals, in church or charity. But does this glorification of the wheel tell the whole story? Is the product of the wheel always and everywhere an unmixed good?

We need to remind ourselves at the very beginning that the wheel is simply a contrivance for conveying and multiplying a force which already exists. It has no power to create force, neither can it affect the moral quality of its impetus. The wheel is a tremendous power in the world, but whether that power is felt on the side of good or of evil depends on forces outside of itself. It has added immensely to human comfort and to human care. It has increased alike our luxuries and our miseries. It has made it more delightful to live and more dangerous to live. It has multiplied the wealth of

our city until its real estate is equal in value to all the land and buildings from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and also in equal ratio it has added to our city's want and wretchedness, its sin and its shame. It has aided Church extension, rescue work and charitable work, and it is equally potent in the machinery for political plunder, the machinery for protecting legal robbery and social vice, and the machinery for the manufacture of drunkards and imbeciles, libertines and lunatics.

But there is a more subtle danger of the wheel than the vulgar ones just mentioned. Man, an immortal soul, is born into a tumultuous world of things. Life's irrepressible conflict stares him in the face from his infancy. Shall he conquer his environment of things, or shall it conquer him? The wheel is a thing, a wonderful maker of things, a marvellous multiplier of the power of things. And to-day many an immortal soul stands like a pygmy, silenced and enslaved by the mass and might of some giant thing his own wheels have made.

"The spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."

Whatever the mysterious vision of the ancient prophet may mean, this is certain: the living creature was master, the wheels were his ministers to do his will. He made them the perfect instruments of his will by putting his own spirit into them. And, my brother, this is equally certain to-day: if the living soul does not conquer his tools, his tools will conquer him. If the spirit of the living creature does not enter into the wheel, then the spirit of the wheel will enter into the living creature.

That was a very real and a very terrible curse which David called down upon the enemies of Jehovah: "Do unto them as unto the Midianites; as to Sisera, as to Jabin." "Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb: yea, all their princes as Zebah, and as Zalmunna. O my God, make them like a wheel." Make them a thing, rolled hither and thither, driven to and fro by forces which it is powerless to start and powerless to stay. But awful as was that curse in David's day, it is still more terrible in our own. Make them a thing, pushed on and on in endless rut and routine. A *thing!* The dumb slave of a bigger thing, and powerless to escape. A thing fitted into other things, which must turn when they turn, and stop when they stop. A thing always going on and on, and always returning upon itself; a helpless, spiritless, heedless, hopeless thing.

The great problem of the Church to-day is the city problem. What has made the city problem? The power of the wheel—the

wheel on the iron rail, in the pathless sea, and on the revolving shaft of the manufacturer. The power of the political machine, of the sweaters' machine, of the landlords' machine, of the trades union machine, of the rumsellers' machine, and of every other piece of mechanism which grasping man can invent to spread the blight of his selfishness and to multiply the power of his greed.

But the curse of the wheel is not necessarily the blight of malice; indifference also puts in its deadly work. "Why did you not rest and take care of yourself?" asked a New York clergyman of a dying car-driver. "I couldn't stop," was the answer. "I had to go on to get bread for the family. I did not dare lay off, so many others were waiting to jump my job. I couldn't have got on again." And so with icy feet and hands, while a plaster burned on his breast, he drove on in the bitter cold until he dropped, and was carried to the tenement house to die. The civil law decrees that the laborer shall be protected from the dynamo and the revolving cogs, but there is no law to prevent the iron of the wheel from entering into the soul of the workman, and grinding the golden grain of hope into the bitter dust of despair.

Yes, the workman is the victim of the wheel, but how about the man on the other side of the machine? How is it with us who own the wheel, and perhaps are devoting our whole time and strength to making it run longer, smoother and faster? Because we are the employers instead of the employees, do we escape the subtle power of the wheel? Nay, if the spirit of our manhood does not enter into the wheel, then the spirit of the wheel will enter into and debase our manhood. One can as surely become a devotee of mechanism as its victim.

Sitting in the office of a man of large wealth, an acquaintance said to him, "Why do you work so hard? You have more money now than you know what to do with. Why don't you stop and enjoy yourself?" And he answered, "I do not know how to do anything else. I don't take pleasure outside of my office. I enjoy what I am doing more than anything else." What an answer from an immortal soul! A world full of God's work waiting to be done, a world suffering because it is not done, and a son of God finding his highest happiness in slavishly turning the perishable wheels of corruption. It is a sadder answer and a more degrading answer than that made by the dying car-driver.

The world over-estimates the worth of the wheel, and under-estimates the worth of the man beside it.

If there is any one financial wheel that is as perfect as human wisdom can make it, that has been so guarded by civil enactment and corporate charter that it cannot go wrong, that wheel is the national bank. Yet, in spite of every safeguard, banks fail; and, what is worse, banks are wrecked. When, not long since, the Secretary of the Treasury was asked what new restrictions or what additional legislation was necessary to protect the public against such calamities, that officer wisely replied: "Gentlemen, the business world has only one real security and protection, and that is in having honest men." Yonder is the financial work waiting to be done; here is a wonderfully adjusted piece of machinery built for that very purpose. Will it do the work? The popular answer is, that depends upon the perfection of the machine. No, replies the Secretary, it depends upon *the man* who controls it. Mechanism can never take the place of personality; it can never become a substitute for individual virtue.

And what is true of our financial interests is still more true of our moral and spiritual interests. Early in the year the Church Club of this city appointed a committee to carefully survey the ground below Fourteenth Street, and report the best method for rescuing and elevating the neglected thousands in that sin-degraded district. When the committee's report was published I was disappointed. Why, I said, it presents no method; it prints sixteen different recommendations. If the laymen who are most in earnest and most interested in the great problem are thus divided, what hope is there for any unity of action? But another day, reading it more carefully, I saw what I doubt not escaped other hasty readers; viz., that while there were sixteen recommendations, yet fourteen of them emphasized one and the same deep truth. For, in different words and by different means, they all said: What this vice-ridden district with its half million souls needs is not more churches, chapels, or ecclesiastical machinery, but *more men* and *more women;* more devoted manhood and more consecrated womanhood.

And the committee is right. If the lavish use of money or magnificent institutions could have reached the "submerged tenth" of New York, its tens of thousands would have been rescued years ago. The Classified Directory of London Charities states that nearly $20,000,000 are expended annually in that city for the relief of the poor. I doubt not that New York spends a proportionately generous sum. And when the question is asked, as it ought to be asked, Why does not the expenditure of such prodigious amounts eradicate

want and suffering? the answer must be made, Because the giver does not give himself with his gift. Because institutionalism and mechanism are left to do not only their rightful work, but also that which can be done only by womanly sympathy and manly courage. There are conditions when silver is of less value than a word of cheer, and gold is cheaper than a touch of brotherhood. Even in trade, cheap things are sometimes the dearest; in morals they are always so. It *cost* to redeem humanity, and it was a personal cost. It will cost to save humanity, and here again it must be personal.

The most successful Church organization of the present decade is the Brotherhood of Saint Andrew. The source of its extraordinary power is plain to all who are willing to look for it—the extreme simplicity of its machinery. It aims at but one object, and that sole aim rests on a single rule of prayer, a single rule of service. In other words, the supreme effort of the organization is to minimize wheels and magnify manhood and personal effort. The failure of parish chapters here and there enforces the same truth, for in most instances that failure has come just in proportion as the individual chapter has departed from the fundamental principle of the Brotherhood, by multiplying its wheels at the cost of personality.

In a western state a layman was dissatisfied with the missionary work of the diocese. He did not follow the usual course and say, I am only a communicant; the Missionary Board is elected to look after missions; it is none of my business. Neither did he say, I am a communicant; I have a right to denounce this neglect, and I intend to at the next convention. As a business man he had little leisure. His summer vacation was the only time he could command. But during that vacation he managed to visit every mission station in the diocese, looking over the ground and noting its needs. Returning, he laid before the Board of Missions such a convincing report of present needs and future opportunities, that the Board increased the appropriation for the year ten thousand dollars; and others catching his enthusiasm, the money was raised. In other words, the zeal and self-sacrifice of one determined layman accomplished what the whole machinery of the diocese had failed to do.

We recognize the inferiority of machine results in every-day life. If we seek an ornament for our house, it must be from the hand of the sculptor, not the die of the press. If we are purchasing a picture, we will not be put off with a chromo or a process print. Or if it is only a pair of shoes, we demand that they shall be hand made. My brother, can we for a moment think that what is too

inferior for man's use is good enough for God's? That when Christ calls our hand to the plough and our heart to His temple, He will be satisfied with some mechanical substitute or machine-made makeshift?

We talk about individual responsibility and personal influence. We claim to believe in them, but too often it is an intellectual belief, and runs to waste in words only. Nevertheless "one with God is a majority" in the moral world, and the man who believes it is the hero of his generation, whether he be an Athanasius or a Luther, a Kingsley or a Keble, a Seabury, a Tyng or a De Koven.

The diocese of New York is well provided with philanthropic appliances. If amid all the multitudinous wants and ills of suffering humanity there is one for which there is no association or institution, I have yet to hear of it. I doubt if there is another diocese in this western world so largely and so generously equipped. Now with all our credulous faith in the wheel, is there anyone here to-day who believes that the combined machinery of this diocese will clean it and Christianize it during the next twenty years, or the next fifty, or even the next one hundred years? No. What we hope for is, that a century hence this corner of God's vineyard, by the combined efforts of all good organizations, may be better than it is to-day. And yet, my brother, what all the humanitarian, moral, and ecclesiastical machinery of this diocese is powerless to accomplish, the *men* and *women* who kneel at the Church's altar can do, and they can do it in less than one tenth of a century, provided they *will* to do so. If you and every other communicant would this year, and each year, bring one person to Confirmation, and would pledge him to do the same, how long do you think it would take to bring every man, woman, and grown child into the Communion of the Church? Less than seven years! Less than seven years, and the diocesan missionary problem, the decaying village problem, the submerged tenth problem, the Church unity problem, would be practically solved in this diocese, if each one who is signed with the sign of a divine self-sacrifice, and who reached out his hand at the altar, would reach out his hand to his brother also.

In one of the cities of Europe, combined personal effort reduced "the submerged tenth" to a submerged hundredth, and consecrated personal effort can do as much for the Church of God. I believe we have enough, and more than enough, moral and ecclesiastical machinery for present demands. The great need of the Church to-day is more manhood and womanhood to carry the sweet light and

glad strength of the Gospel to those who will not seek it at the Church's door. In darkened homes and embittered hearts should be heard the sound of a voice that has learned the music of the Master's love, should be felt the touch of a hand that has touched the wounds of His.

Thus far we have considered the need of the wheel, and the still greater need of personality behind the wheel. But there is another and more important consideration; viz., the supreme need of *a right spirit* in the wheel.

In the vision of the prophet the living creature was not only able to master the wheels and make them the perfect servants of his will, but he was able to inspire them with his own spirit, because he himself was inspired by the Supreme Spirit.

Again, I read the same truth on a later page of Inspiration in these words: "There was a man sent from God." That man had an earthly father. He was born of woman like all his brothers, and yet he was "sent from God." He was in every way as human as we are, and yet he was "a man sent from God." My brother, is not that declaration as true of you and of me as it was of John the Baptizer? We are here in this world; *sent* here. Who sent us if God did not? And if God sent us, then for what purpose? If you sent your office boy to the curbstone only, it would be for some purpose. Dare we entertain the thought that God's work is less wisely planned? Can we think, even for a moment, that God sent us into the world for no particular purpose? No, we are men, here on this earth—men sent from God; men sent purposely to do God's will and God's work. That is the truth sealed by the cross signed upon our foreheads; that is the truth confirmed by the Apostolic hands laid upon our heads; that is the truth we confess, and to which we individually take oath every time we kneel before the broken body and poured out blood of Him who died for us. And because we are believed to be loyal to that truth, we have been made stewards of the Church of God, and sent here as its legislators. If we do not believe that we are men sent from God to do His work, then we have no right here. If we are mammon-sent, or satan-sent, then our place is elsewhere.

We are secular and spiritual stewards in the Church of God. What, then, is our definite, God-given work? Is it to seek out and destroy all earthly mechanism, all human organizations save the one whose corner-stone is Christ? Men of undoubted godliness have so thought, and so destroyed. But surely the supreme work

of God's man is to put God's Spirit into the varied and tumultuous wheels of earthly activity. Not to destroy human mechanism, but to so conquer it, and so fill it with the living God, that the wheels of earth shall become the wheels of heaven. And that high duty includes water-wheels and car-wheels, turbines, dynamos, and political wheels, as truly as it does the wheels of charity and the appliances of devotion.

A young man entering the employment of a New York firm, asked for the rules of the house. The head of the firm answered, "There are no rules." "But," said the surprised clerk, "how am I to know what is expected of me?" And the answer was, "Carry out the principles of the New Testament, and when those are understood and fulfilled, you may come to me for something more." And the manufacturer who thus dared to show that he was a man sent from God to put God's spirit into the noisy wheels of his earthly work, did not lack faithful employees, nor appreciative customers, nor a sound financial return for his labor. The firm is to-day, as it has been for years, one of the first in its trade, with a name that is known on both sides of the ocean.

But the fact is, that the ordinary man has such boundless and credulous faith in the machinery of commerce, and the machinery of the civil courts, and the machinery of the state, that when we propose to turn from them and depend upon the spirit of the Gospel, the business man laughs in our face, while too often the so-called Christian man gives us a look of pity, if not of silent contempt.

But have you forgotten what took place in England only a few months ago? The strike of the Durham coal miners spread from county to county, carrying with it idleness and suffering, bitterness and loss, until its blight rested upon the entire country. Manufactories shut down, gas works stopped, and city lights went out. Tens of thousands in the black country were hungry and had no bread; tens of thousands in the city were cold and had no fire. The whole nation was anxious, if not suffering. What ended the bitter controversy and brought back peace and confidence? The vaunted mechanism of the court, the legislature, or the army? Nay, it was accomplished by one man without any political authority, or any power save that which comes from a godly office, filled by a saintly life. The Bishop of Durham went to the embittered antagonists and plead for the spirit of the Master, and the answer was a country's peace and a nation's tranquillity.

My brother, when all men are God's men, and shall put God's spirit into the tumultuous wheels of earthly industry, there will be no more strikes, no more lock-outs, no more denunciations of labor nor cursing of capital, no more victims of the wheel nor worshippers of the wheel, for the wheels of earth will have become the wheels of paradise. And that end is the one for which we must work and for which we must pray.

My lay brother, if the spirit of the Master ought to permeate your work in the world, much more ought it to permeate and sanctify your work in the parish. You are shocked and grieved if the word of the pulpit is not the word of Christ, but are you always grieved or shocked when the deed of the vestry is not the deed of Christ?

An editorial in one of the best informed and conservative papers of New York not long since took the position that the Church is a social club, and as such should do nothing that would injure its social prestige and power. As Churchmen we repudiate the doctrine, and are rightly indignant that the Church of God should be counted a club whose power depends on its social prestige. But consider for a moment. With whom ought we to be indignant? Are you sure that there has been nothing in your management of the affairs of the Church to give ground for such unwelcome statements?

On a fashionable street stand two large and costly buildings. They are both arranged for external beauty and internal comfort. Both have called to their aid the highest talent of the architect, the sculptor, the cabinet maker and the decorator, the artists in oils and in glass, in marble and brass and upholstery. Both buildings minister to the wants of those who own them, to their physical comfort, to their intelligent entertainment, to their æsthetic taste. Both are supported by the regular dues of their members. Both are occupied by incorporated societies, and governed by an elected board. One of the buildings is called a club, the other is called a church, and the same names are given to the societies which own and occupy them. Now what is it that makes one society a church and the other a club? What are they, not with reference to their origin and their destiny, but what are they as incorporated societies ministering to the needs of men, and in so many ways meeting those needs with the same social and material wheels? What is there in their management to differentiate them, to make one a church and the other a club? You answer, they are separated forever by the different spirit which animates and controls them. The

spirit of Christ would stamp one body as a church, though it worshipped in a theatre; and the spirit of worldliness or self-enjoyment proclaims the other a club, though it should meet in a church. Yes, my brother, it is the *spirit* that separates them, the spirit that determines the character of each; but when they are alike in so many of their outward wheels, what if little by little they also become alike in the motive and spirit which controls them? What has happened then?

The spirit of coöperation and mutual help, the spirit of one brotherhood in God, the spirit of financial sacrifice and of self-sacrifice for the sake of righteousness—these belong to the spirit of Christ. But where does the spirit of competition, of self-comfort, of exclusiveness belong? Is the spirit which asks, Is he rich, has he social standing, will he pay—is that the spirit of the church, or the spirit of the club? Is the spirit which thinks more of fine architecture, fine brass and glass, cushions and carpets, more of pew rents and annual income, than it does of godliness, the spirit of the church, or the spirit of the club? Ah, yes, we ought to be stirred with righteous indignation when the Body of Christ is called a club, but let us be very sure that we are indignant with those who are blameworthy.

The rector of a large parish said, "What I need at once in that mission work is six or seven more Christian men and women." "But surely," was answered, "you have only to ask for them in the congregation." His reply was, "Yes, they will go if I ask them to, but with what spirit will they go?" Ay, with what spirit will they go? If they go with the spirit of intellectual condescension, the spirit of social superiority, the spirit of condemnation, or with any other save that spirit of sonship which says, *Our* Father and *Our* Saviour, they will go with the wrong spirit; and though they turn the wheels never so laboriously, their work will be in vain.

What we need to realize is, that there are wrong ways of doing right deeds; that when the right act is done in the wrong way it becomes a wrong act, and that every act is done in the wrong way when the spirit of Christ is left out of it. A missionary asked a well-known Brahman in Calcutta if he had ever read the Bible. The man looked at him, and slowly and calmly answered, "I have read the Old Testament twenty-seven times, the New Testament eighty-three times." But with what spirit had he read them? In the moral realm, the spirit which we put into the wheels decides the whole question.

The devout Jew who piously kept his fasts, conscientiously tithed his income, and was able to thank God that his life was free from extortion, injustice and impurity, was condemned by the Master, not for living a wrong life, but for living a right life in the wrong way. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees," ushers in the most awful words that ever came from the lips of Merciful Love. Do we at all times remember that many of those woes fell upon men who were doing right deeds, holy deeds, the very deeds which you and I are doing and teaching others to do? They were not condemned for doing wrong things, but for doing right things, for doing the right deeds, in the wrong spirit.

Whether our charitable association shall become an arena for self-sacrifice or a den for spoils, a Toynbee Hall or a Tammany Hall, depends upon the spirit that governs it. Whether our Church guild or society shall become an association for Christ-like work, or an exhibition of petty ambitions and Jesuitical intrigue, is determined solely by the spirit that animates it. Yea, whether that which we planned and purposed should be the beautiful garment of holiness; whether our ritual so bright to the eye, so sweet to the ear, shall be an instrument to lift our souls towards heaven, or one that, in the terrible words of our Saviour, shall call down upon us "the greater damnation," is decided by the spirit which we put into it.

I fear that we who are priests in the Church of God do not always realize that last truth as keenly as we should. We see plainly the dangers, even the curse, of worldly wheels. We are ready to denounce the machine in art and in education. We are in open revolt against machine men and machine methods in politics. But when it comes to the Church and her worship, the sphere is too lofty for low mechanism, and so we flatter ourselves the wheel can find no place there. And yet I doubt if there are any class of men more in danger of the insidious and subtle slavery of the wheel than those who minister at the altar. Their very earnestness in the Church's work, their faithful desire that every part of the routine shall be kept going and that every detail shall be perfect, their conscientious intention that everything used in God's service shall be spotless and beautiful—these, their brightest virtues, have but to suffer that degeneration of motive which is common to all human impulse, and they also become devotees of the wheel. Not the vulgar wheel of the politician, nor the sordid wheel of the mammonite; but the more subtle, and therefore the more dangerous, wheel of a refined and æsthetic ritual.

You have heard of the prayer-wheels of India—the little cylinders of brass covered with pious words, and decked with bright ribbons and tinkling bells. Men twirl them in their hands, and think that every turn sends a prayer to heaven. There are larger wheels, of like make, to be turned by the wind or by some water-power, which pious pilgrims erect and decorate with lacquer and scarlet and gold. We have all read of them, and wondered that any people should be so utterly foolish as to believe that the turning of bright trinkets or costly windmills could be counted divine worship.

And yet, and yet, my brother, can we conduct our public worship without the use of wheels or instruments? Are not our prayer-desks and pulpits, organs and altars, wheels? Are not our devotional forms and devout ceremonies, our noble liturgy, and our very words and gestures, wheels?

But, you are ready to reply, they certainly are not prayer-wheels in the Oriental sense. The wheel of the Indian devotee is dead matter; its only motion is of the earth, earthy. It is not human worship; for though one holds it in his hand, there is no spiritual action, and therefore there is no worship. Exactly. Devotion is a spiritual action, and without it, there can be no Christian worship. Then, my brother, if from a sweet and bright and beautiful ritual the devotional spirit slowly but surely departs, what is left? Wherein would our prayer-wheels, if empty of the spirit of prayer, differ from the twirling trinkets of the Oriental?

And what shall we say of a rector who, conscious that there is no spiritual power in the worship of the congregation, seeks to compensate for its loss by multiplying and more brilliantly decorating its devotional wheels? Can the fine silk and the polished marble, the burnished brass and tinkling cymbal compensate for the absence of the spirit of prayer? And wherein does his folly differ from that of the Indian devotee?

Do not misunderstand me. Ritual has its rightful place in devotion. No Church with a liturgy can worship without ritual. The Prayer Book also recognizes different degrees of ceremonial as appropriate to different services. This is plain to anyone who compares the Church's Office for Confirmation of a Catechumen with that for the Consecration of a Bishop. But this very distinction emphasizes the truth that an elaborate and beautiful ceremonial is the expression of a most solemn and spiritual function. A splendid form presupposes a splendid spirituality as its inner soul and motive. The world we are seeking to turn to Christ has a right to expect

and to demand that behind the highest and grandest ritual shall be found the highest moral conscience and the grandest spiritual character. And if these are not there, then the more lofty our ritual the greater must be our condemnation.

If we believe the Gospel we preach, we must believe that it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the Spirit alone that giveth life. We must believe that the only realities in time and in eternity are spiritual realities. That real life is spiritual life, real riches are spiritual riches, real food is spiritual food, the real presence is a spiritual presence, real worship is spiritual worship, and real sacrifices are spiritual sacrifices, and that the corruptible things of earth can minister to God's glory only as they are hallowed by the indwelling of an incorruptible spirit.

Back of all creeds and collects, back of all chants and hymns, of litanies and lessons, of alms and oblations and sacraments, back of priesthood and Bible and Church, stands character. The divine purpose for which they were given, the holy end to which they are consecrated, is character—the re-creation in the soul of fallen man of the spiritual character of the Only Begotten Son of God. To talk of glorifying God by any worship whose mode or whose motive is lower than that, is to talk as the heathen talketh. God's highest glory to-day and forever is the splendor of the Spirit of Jesus Christ, shining through the characters of the sons of men.

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